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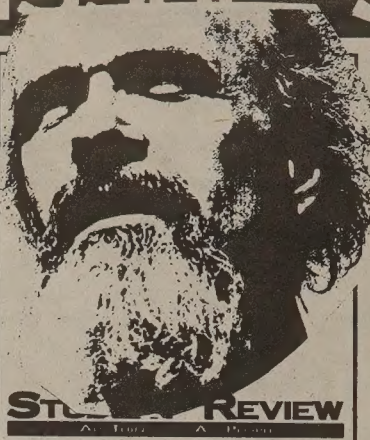
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DESIGN

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NOTE

IF YOU
LIVE

AND

Function

touch

A

Heart

Make a wish.

Go ahead

CARE

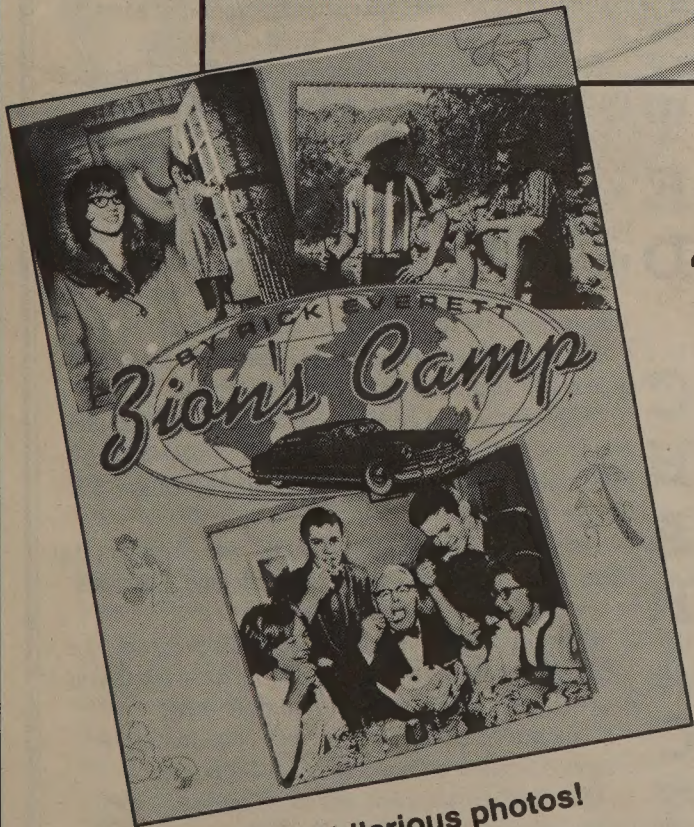
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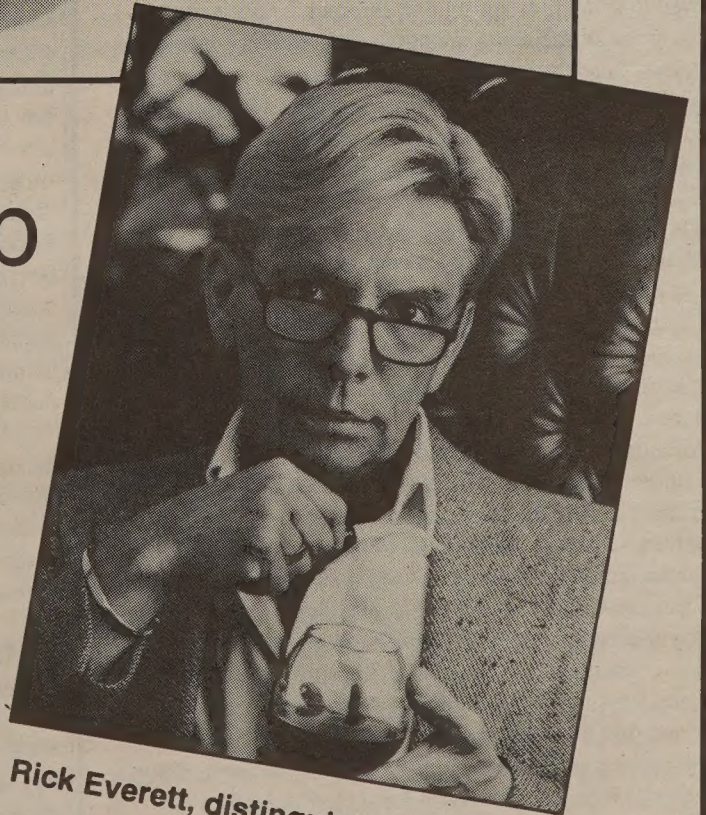


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HOMELESS STUDENTS AT BYU: THE REAL TRUTH

BY TOM DOMINGUES

As we approach the festive holiday season, it is only fitting that we stop and reflect on our blessings, not the least of which is housing at BYU. Yes, an increasing number of students here must go without housing. They are the homeless Zoobies, those who don't have a place to call there own, or even semi-own.

They are all around campus, and often students heading towards early morning classes see them huddled on top of the heating-grates scattered across campus. It truly is a pitiful sight. Drinking sparkling grape juice out of paper bags, and piled with copies of the *Daily Universe* which they find discarded in classrooms, the homeless Cougars can give a frightful appearance. However, these are not lazy or inept people. Their reasons for lack of shelter are many. Some cannot afford the price of on-campus or even off-campus housing. Some—especially young marrieds—are not able to find housing of any kind. And some have been forced out of their housing by roommate tension.

"I didn't have enough cash to pay for an apartment after I stayed in school for spring and summer," said Jerry Niven, a senior majoring in engineering who is currently homeless. "That and my scholarship ran out." Another homeless student, Walter Christianson found himself not able to pay for his rent because of excessive car payments. "It hasn't been that bad," he commented from the passenger's seat of his new Mazda Miata. "I kinda wish I'd bought something with more leg room though."

Many have pointed to the recent building of condominiums in the Provo area as a possible solution to the problem. But the outrageous prices of these units turn many away, causing other officials to consider turning large complexes (like the Glenwood) into large homeless student shelters.

Although something should be done for these unfortunate students, no one has been able to decide who should be in charge of them. In the mean time, they have begun to organize themselves. In reaction to letters to the editor of this paper denouncing them as "self-proclaimed martyrs" and "paraders" the homeless students have begun to hold weekly meetings and are currently seeking club status. One of their current goals is to show to the student body in a kind and friendly way that they are "just like everybody else" and that they "didn't bring it on [themselves]" as popular myths circulating around campus proclaim. They have been given permission by local church leaders to meet on Sunday for sacrament meeting, which they hold near the hot-air vents by the SWKT.

Yes, it is true that, with their three or four layers of clothing and their shopping baskets full of text books and Y-lunch bags, these students appear "different". But it is important to remember that they are just a few of the unfortunate who are valiant in their perseverance and sacrifice for learning.



WOULD YOU NOT AGREE THAT THIS IS A SWELL COLUMN?

At the start of every semester, you can't help but take some time and think about the high points of the previous term. You can't help it because, due to the length of the student ID lines, the bookstore lines, the Cougar lines, and the bathroom lines, you have *lots* of time to think.

Anyway, I was waiting in one of these endless lines trying to determine what my favorite class was last semester and the choice was quite clear: Philosophy 110. There were several things that made this class the heap o' fun that it was. First, I had a great teacher (Travis Anderson—I highly recommend him.) Second, I learned lots of cool names. If I ever have a son, I definitely want to name him Anaxamander. (Actually, I want to name my second son Anaxamander; my first son will be named "Slappy." Just think of what fun it would be to introduce the both of them to friends!) However, the best thing about my philosophy class had to be my TA.

She was the perfect union of beauty and knowledge and caused me no small distraction during class. I would daydream my way through lectures and then sign up for extra help, if you get my drift. This resulted in a pretty good grade in the class but I never got a date.

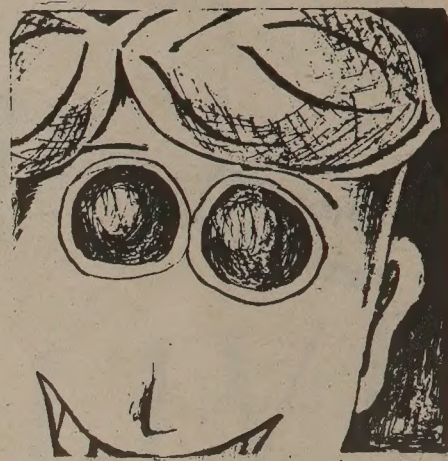
I realize that many of you are thinking, "Matt, you spineless pile of Jell-O, why didn't you just ask her out?" Well, let me tell you. First, I didn't want to violate the educational integrity of this school by creating a conflict of interest. Second, I *am* a spineless pile of Jell-O. Third, and perhaps most important, she had a boyfriend that, for all I knew, was three times my size and capable of separating me into small pieces within seconds.

If I had paid better attention in class, I might have had more success. You see, all the ancient philosophers had this great talent for getting everyone they came in contact with to say "yes" to anything they said. I read a dialogue in which Socrates was speaking to a young boy (Socrates rather liked young boys) named Theatetus. While Socrates would speak for pages at a time, Theatetus would say nothing but "Yes, Socrates," "I quite agree, Socrates," "How could it be otherwise, Socrates?" "It would be madness to think otherwise, Socrates," "I cannot but agree, Socrates." Socrates could have asked him something like "Would you not agree that the Republic of Ireland is located entirely in China?" And Theatetus would have said "Oh wise and noble sage, this is true knowledge."

Mastering this technique could really come in handy. I could stroll up to my dad and say, "Is it not true that I am your only son?" And my dad would have to say "How could it be otherwise, Matthew?" Then I could hit him with "And would you not also agree that, as your son, I should be given a car purchased by you?" "You are quite right, wise Matthew!" The possibilities are endless! I could ask Rex Lee, "Would you not agree that I should be given a full refund of all the tuition I have paid over the past several years?" I could ask Ed McMahon, "Good sir, would you not say that I really am the big TEN MILLION DOLLAR winner?" And, of course, I could have asked my TA, "Fair lady, would not you say that you should go out with me this weekend?"

Unfortunately, I was too busy daydreaming to figure out just how Socrates and all the other philosophers got people to give in like that. All I can really

"WASTED TAs" CONT. NEXT PAGE



EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ROCKET SCIENCE BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

This world has so few renaissance men. Everyone seems to get into some specific field of study that affords them a narrow view of life. However, there are still some people out there that have a broad view of the world around them, people who have been educated in every possible field of study and are able to handle any problem that comes their way: rocket scientists.

I first became aware of the amazing powers that rocket scientists possessed when I was 17 and worked at a gas station. Non-rocket scientists would come to our station and attempt to operate the self-service pumps. Of course, with their limited understanding, they wouldn't be able to figure out these complex pieces of machinery. Eventually, they would come to me and yell, "You have to be a rocket scientist to figure these \$!&* pumps out!"

As the years went by, I discovered more and more things that *only* rocket scientists could figure out. Tax forms, VCRs, women, Japanese cars, fat-free mayonnaise, and two-way mirrors were but a few.

After a while, I began to wonder how a person could get so smart. What sort of classes are rocket scientists required to take? Self-serve Gas 101? Home Appliance Repair 322? Women 100? ("Welcome to class, today we will discuss why women always insist that you tell them how much you like them.") Meeting a rocket scientist would be much akin to traveling to the top of a mountain to gain knowledge.

With that in mind, you can only imagine how excited I was when SR staffer Lisa Lyons gave me the phone number of a real-live rocket scientist for NASA! Craig McCreary is responsible for all sorts of wild projects involving booster rockets, future space stations, and possible manned exploration of Mars, you know, rocket scientist stuff. Actually, Mr. McCreary prefers to be called an Operational Engineer (rocket scientist is a outdated term, he told me).

Anyway, I got a chance to speak with this "rocket scientist" and finally ask all the questions I've been waiting to ask for all these years. As a public service, I thought I would share some of the gems of wisdom I gleaned from my phone conversation last week.

When I called, I thought I should start with a simple question to set my new friend at ease:

Question: how much force is needed to place an object in a stationary orbit above the Earth?

Apparently, you need one pound of thrust for each pound of matter you wish to place in orbit. Mr. McCreary said that this is an over-simplification, but we get the picture.

As soon as I heard that answer, I was confident that I had a genuine rocket scientist on the line. I decided to dive right into the tricky questions:

Question: When you are recording a program on a VCR, do you have to keep the TV set on, even if you don't want to watch the program right then?

"No, not with my machine," was the immediate response. I rifled off another technical puzzler:

Question: How do you get those self-serve gas pumps to work?

Mr. McCreary said that each pump is different, but there are some common things to look for. First, there will usually be a lever of some sort that must be turned up to activate the pump. Second, there is a trigger on the nozzle that causes the gas to flow; squeeze it. I was

"WASTED ROCKETS" CONT. NEXT PAGE

BYU BUILDING LEXICON

BY MAC D. NEIF

Going to college can be difficult. You must have initiative. You read more books, write more papers, and take harder tests than in high school. And while going to class you have to try to understand a professor who believes one syllable words are of the devil. So at least socializing and getting around campus should be easy, right? Not at BYU. We have special names for everything, even cuss words. One such example is campus buildings. What's a 'swicket'? Or a 'wilk' or 'H-fak'? Well, here's a lexicon to help you better get around:

SFLC: (sifalis) Strangely, it houses the health and family science departments, although it should not be confused with the disease.

SWKT: (swikit) Normally a building where evil experiments are performed on the twelfth floor by the Mormon, Mason, Communist and New Age leaders who rule the world; however, the word itself, by emphasizing the cacophony in the 'k' and 't' sounds, can be used as a lesser known, though very effective pejorative. Imagine: "Don't touch me there, you SWKT!" or "Oh, son of a SWKT I lost my credit card!" or just "SWKT!" followed by a flip of the bird.

MARB: (mawrb) There's one thing you need to know about the MARB besides to bring a pillow on which to sit on the concrete-hard chairs: how to say MARB. I mean really how to say it. How to say it and be cool. Just pretend you're puckering for a kiss with northeastern Idaho maiden lips. Now make the 'm' sound. Now open your mouth real wide and make the 'aw' sound. Hold it. Hold it a little longer. Close your lips and make the 'b' sound. You did it: you're cool.

HFAC: ('h' fak) Hardcore football players stay away! There's serious art goin' on here. But if you're looking to gain a reputation as a sensitive thinker caged in a world that won't accept the feminine quarter of your heart, there's cheap concert tickets here. And in the auditorium the lights dim touchably low.

Wilk: (rhymes with 'milk') The fifth floor contains the BYU propaganda machine, a.k.a. *The Daily Universe*. The fourth floor conceals the headquarters for BYU's network of student spies, commonly called BYUSA. If you walk the staircase, you'll notice doors in between the floors. That's where they keep the beasts that come out at night.

JKHB: ('j' 'k' 'h' 'b') This building contains the socialists, feminists, multiculturalists and any other -ists that Rush Limbaugh normally attacks—unless of course, they've recently been fired by BYU.

ASB: ('a' 's' 'b') No, not a song by the Jackson 5. This is where your money goes, never to be seen again.

CONYNUED...

WASTED TAs

remember from the class is the "noble and virtuous" thing. In everything a person does, he or she should always be noble and virtuous, which I guess is a pretty good thing to remember.

With that in mind, I feel I should get something off my back. To my TA: I lied. It was me who put "Philosophy TAs" in the Top Twenty last semester. I'm sorry you had to find out this way.

CONYNUED...

WASTED ROCKETS

warned that some pumps have cash/credit buttons and that others require you to pay first. With that in mind, I posed one of the most asked questions of our time.

Question: What should I look for in a woman?

Chemistry is the key, according to McCreary. A woman should be attractive to you. "The younger the guy, the more important the look is," McCreary said. Once you have found the woman of your choice, it is helpful to view her in a stressful situation such as a sporting event to find out what she's really made of. Exam time or any other "bad situation" will be a good test of whether or not she can keep spiritual values while under tension. McCreary also stressed the importance of communication. These principles are just as applicable for a woman seeking a man, McCreary said.

Impressed with his knowledge, I decided to hit him with a riddle that had haunted me for years:

Question: What is the airspeed velocity of an unladen swallow?

"About 35-40 MPH," McCreary said. Swallows are not very large birds and don't fly too fast. By comparison, eagles can fly well over 65 MPH. However, swallows are very agile.

Question: "Some assembly required." These words strike terror in the hearts of many people when they buy children's toys. Any advice?

Reading instructions is important, but many times the directions are not clear. McCreary suggests getting picture instructions whenever possible.

Question: What are the winning numbers in next week's Wyoming lottery?

"929-727-626" was the answer. (I'm not sure if it's even possible to get those numbers in a lottery, but what the heck, the rocket scientist says so.)

After the lottery question, I figured I had better take my knowledge and run. However, before I could hang up, Mr. McCreary told me that I am living some of the best years of my life, and I would one day remember my time at BYU with fondness. He wanted you readers to know the same thing too. With that, he bid me a pleasant farewell.

Since that call, I have been a new man. People walk up to me and say, "Matt, there is a certain glow about you." All I can do is grin and say, "I know the airspeed velocity of a swallow." At that point, I am usually given the directions to student counseling. (People rarely recognize genius when they see it.)

I have just changed my major to rocket science and I am really enjoying my Big Wheel Assembly 101 class. I hope this column has helped your life, too. If you have any questions for my rocket scientist friend, send them to me, care of SR. Perhaps I shall call again.

The author wishes to thank Craig McCreary for being so smart, such a good sport, and so fun to talk to.

TOP
20

1. Snow on the Mountains
2. December Graduation
3. Plexiglass
4. 20% Off in Bookstore
5. Titian
6. Magnifying Glasses
7. Cheetos
8. Last Day of Classes

BOTTOM
10

Finals, Finals, Finals, Finals, Exams, Finals, Term Papers, Finals, Deadlines, Coldness

9. Ears
10. Pseudepigrapha
11. Bottle Rockets
12. Icicles
13. Monogrammed Hankies
14. Argyle Socks
15. Pinwheels
16. Christmas Crunch
17. Advil
18. Aldous Huxley
19. PVC Pipe
20. VCR (qua Bomb) Threats

"THE NAKED TRUTH"

BY VERUM A. PERTE

Last Tuesday an occurrence occurred on this campus which appalled students, faculty, and administrators alike. The Truth was reportedly exposing itself in the Harold B. Lee Library. Officer Jaime O'Lee from Campus Police is reported to have said: "We wanted to issue a citation, but we're not really trained to find this type of perpetrator."

Unfortunately, this is not just an isolated incident. University Police dispatcher Cindy Faraway stated that, "One day we got a flood of calls. Apparently the Truth showed up in an introductory biology class, and it was *fully exposed*. I mean, these freshmen sign the honor code, and all; they're simply not prepared for an experience like that." Officer O'Lee confirms that, "Yeah, this isn't the first time the Truth has showed up naked on campus. But we'd like to think that it's the last."

Though there have been some difficulties controlling the Truth, the University has no official policy regarding its comings and goings. In an exclusive interview with the Honor Code Council President, Bertha deFiories, *Student Review* discovered that, "There've been problems, as you know; we even sent a letter to the Board of Trustees on the matter. They responded, telling us that it was not our job to keep the Truth off campus."

But the Truth's occasional presence on campus is not the central issue. "The real problem," deFiories added, "is not the Truth popping up now and then. It's when it shows

up *naked*. Every student, professor, and lawyer at the University signs an oath, promising to adhere to certain modes of conduct. As you may know, this holds for visitors on campus, as well—no smoking, drinking, roller-blading, etc. And we hold them to the dress code, as well. We were a bit puzzled when we received the communiqué from the Brethren. But now we figured it out. Sure, the Truth is welcome on campus, but it *must* follow the dress and grooming standards."

"So we talk to professors," deFiories continued. "And they



know—at least, most of them—not to let the Truth slip in uncovered. No, sir. The Truth has to be dressed appropriately, conforming to the styles which have been recommended by the Brethren. The Truth must be well-groomed, so as not to give offense to the students. Every now and then, the naked Truth will slip by unnoticed—usually in the library, since we don't have anyone there on the watch. Sometimes a negligent professor will let the Truth in his or her classroom without dressing it appropriately. Such professors must be severely reprimanded. I mean, these kids will write home to their parents, and their parents will write in to the General Authorities, and then *we'll* get in trouble. No, we can't have that happening."

A recent survey conducted by Dr. Horace Teaz reveals the trouble-spots for naked Truth. Dr. Teaz said, "Now, we have to differentiate between sightings of the Truth while dressed modestly, and sightings of the Truth *au naturel*. The Truth appears quite often in the JSB, but seldom while in the nude. Many sightings of the naked Truth take place in the library, philosophy classes, and in laboratories. To my knowledge, the Truth has never appeared at the campus newspaper offices, naked or otherwise. Some have said that the Truth often exposes itself in LDS temples, but that is probably its attempt to distract the Saints from having a pleasant experience."

Some professors and lawyers have recommended that, since it is so troublesome to keep the Truth well-covered, it should be chased from the campus altogether or, perhaps, consolidated under the vigilant care of the Religious Studies faculty. Others feel, however, that if kept in the Religious Studies Department, the Truth may die or, at least, voluntarily leave the campus. And Horace Teaz ominously predicts that, "If chased off campus, the Truth might take up residence in some unofficial magazine, where it can revel day and night in its frightful nakedness."

THE THEORY HYPOCRISY

BY BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR

The Physics 127 student was about to push the cassette into the VCR when her roommate stopped her:

"Wait a minute—aren't we forgetting something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, look—where do VCRs and TV sets and things like that come from? Ultimately, I mean."

"From science, I suppose—"

"And science is all just theories, isn't it?"

"Well, yeah, that's what I've always thought—"

"So why should we believe that this VCR will work? Let's not bother with it—let's go do something else instead."

"Sounds good to me—let's go."

This conversation is contrived, of course. People know from experience that VCRs work, and no one would take that experience so lightly. However, there are three realities lurking behind this scenario. One is the common understanding of the word "theory," which usually means "an unsupported idea" and is sometimes (scornfully) "a nonsense notion." A second reality is a widespread idea that science is made up of "theories" and hence is as arbitrary as a daydream. Some believe this firmly, and while others acknowledge that there are "theories" and "facts" in science, they often see mostly "theories" and few "facts."

The third reality has no modern name. Francis Bacon called it the *mundus alter*, which is Latin for "other world." Before science was much more than a latent possibility, Bacon saw that it could draw an "other world" out of the natural world known to the seventeenth century. Bacon's vision, of course, has been vindicated decisively. The reality of the "other world" now surrounds humanity in the form of VCRs and TV sets and much else besides.

Reality, though, is one affair; perception is another. Thanks to the human capacity for overlooking the obvious, it is perfectly possible to live in the "other world" without ever taking notice of it at all. The idea of science as mere "theory" can survive only because of this habitual oversight. Abolish the oversight, and advocates of science-as-theory will have to ignore their own experience in order to maintain their beliefs—just as they do in the conversation which begins this essay.

To believe in science-as-theory while living in the "other world" is something I call "the theory hypocrisy." When this hypocrisy exists, it is acute and chronic, and extends well beyond VCRs and TV sets. Activities as diverse as driving on bridges and taking headache capsules fall within the hypocrisy's dominion. None should suppose that they can escape it without first revising their view of science.

The problem with applying common ideas like "theory" and "fact" to science is that they are not drawn from scientific experience. One can do better by appealing to such experience for guidelines. For astronomy and the other physical sciences, the resulting concepts might look like this.

Measurements are the raw stuff on which scientific reasoning operates.

The problem with applying common ideas like "theory" and "fact" to science is that they are not drawn from scientific experience.



Measurements stand completely outside the realm of theory and conjecture. If Student A measures a table and finds that its length is 36 inches, this is not a "theory" even in common usage. If Student B finds that the length of the table is 37 inches, one says that at least one measurement is mistaken—but even then, neither measurement is a "theory."

Measurements can be either direct or indirect. Measuring the length of a table is a direct process; one simply applies a tape measure to the table. To secure the distance to a nearby star or the height of an inaccessible mountain, one uses indirect measurement. Neither the distance nor the height can be read directly from a meter stick, but they can be obtained if one uses triangles and trigonometry as well as measurements. Indirect measurements are both common and powerful in science; for instance, indirect measurements tell us that there is methane in Neptune's atmosphere and that Alpha Centauri is some four light years from the Sun. As long as no theory or conjecture takes part in deducing an answer, the results of direct and indirect measurement can stand on equally firm footing.

Conjectures come in two varieties: forced and unforced. If a number of conjectures or

theories are possible and measurements rule out all of them, forced conjectures are necessary. They can also be required in completely new situations. When Voyager I sent back its first flyby photos of Europa and the other satellites of Jupiter, the photos were used to count numbers of impact craters of the sort which scar our own Moon's surface. It was found that Europa is almost completely lacking in such craters and is unusually flat to boot.

These measurements could not be accounted for by any existing theory or conjecture, and so required planetary geologists to come forward with forced conjectures.

Unforced conjectures can be advanced for more than one reason. New measurements may encourage thought about a possibility which no one had considered before. Even without the stimulus of new measurements, a scientist

may work out a new perspective on a familiar problem. Some unforced conjectures are advanced because they satisfy a scientist's aesthetic sense; they make the universe look simpler or more organized or sensible in the scientist's eyes. Such "aesthetic" conjectures can be disastrously mistaken, but some of them hold a special place of honor in the history of science.

For instance, we owe our knowledge of the motion of the Earth around the Sun to an aesthetic conjecture by Copernicus which was not directly verified until nearly three centuries after his death.

Theories in process are the next step beyond conjectures. Such theories are not certainties, but they are

supported by a fair amount of evidence and have survived initial testing. A conjecture can be promoted to a theory in process by striking discoveries which develop a

No human agency could have prophesied the outcome of Einstein's musings. In the same way, no human agency can know now which disciplined conjectures of the present will bear unexpected fruit. The only sensible attitude to take toward such conjectures is to regard them all with wary respect.



certain distinctive momentum. Some of the most vigorous activity in science is found on the frontiers where theories in process are being tested.

An example of a theory in process is the idea that the dinosaurs were wiped out by the impact of an asteroid or comet with a diameter of about 10 kilometers. This idea was originally advanced some fifteen years ago as an unforced conjecture inspired by new evidence. At that time, no one knew where the impact crater was or just what the impact would do. Since then, however, a buried crater with a diameter of about 165 kilometers has been discovered under the eastern coast of Yucatan. The crater has the predicted size for an impact of a 10-kilometer object. Moreover, it is now known that the blast wave from the impact extended over the entire Earth and incinerated about one-quarter of the mass of all entities living at the time. Discoveries such as these show how striking the history of a conjecture may be if it advances to the status of a theory in progress.

Cooked theories have become theories in progress before being overthrown by new measurements or new discoveries. Their overthrow is more newsworthy than that of "cooked conjectures," whose demise is common. The first cooked theory was the long-standing idea that the Earth is motionless at the center of the planetary system.

Theories which are beyond reasonable doubt are limited in number but not in importance. These theories have been tested thoroughly enough so that as long as certain general conditions are met, one can be sure that they will make the right predictions. Much of the "other world" is based on these theories. When driving across a bridge for instance, one is depending on Newton's laws. When one uses an electric appliance, the pertinent theory is Maxwell's equations for the behavior of electricity and magnetism. If the appliance contains transistors, quantum mechanics comes into play. All three sets of laws apply if one uses a TV containing transistors to watch a telecast relayed by satellite. It is largely because of the power of such theories that the "other world" is as inescapable as it is.

Suppose that we now consider again the common meaning of "theory." The negative cast which usually attaches to this word is unmistakable. If asked, critics might say that it is the uncertainty of "theories" which they dislike most. They might explain that they are wary of "theories" which may be lauded as certain-

ties today and then discarded as nonsense tomorrow. Once they scan the classifications described above, such critics might decide that they object to conjectures even more strongly than they do to theories—and for the same reasons.

Even scientists are not always comfortable with conjectures. Not all of them, for instance, accept the idea that mistakes are inevitable—and no reason for faulting themselves or others—if one is to risk mistaken conjectures in order to have useful ones. It is only if one looks at one specially striking conjecture that the real nature of conjectures begins to become clear. Consider two historical snapshots.

Late in 1895, a sixteen-year-old German youth enrolled in school in the Swiss village of Aarau. While there, he thought of a paradox: what would happen if one were to pursue a light wave and draw even with it so that it appeared to be motionless? The laws of physics as they were then understood did not seem to describe that situation adequately. There were likely many in Aarau who would have dismissed such musings as irrelevant moonshine if they had known what the youth was thinking about.

Decades passed, and a physicist ventured forth into the ruin of a shattered city. In one area, nothing was left to project above the rubble except a distinctive dome whose image would soon impress itself upon the collective consciousness of much of humankind. The physicist went to a nearby hospital and developed photographic film which had not been exposed to light. When he found that the film was black from end to end, he knew that it displayed the impress of atomic radiation. An official announcement which had recently come to his nation from outside was nothing more than the simple, devastating truth.

The city was Hiroshima; the German youth was Albert Einstein. Between the two, there stretched through fifty years a thread which is as distinctive as a right line of genealogical descent. Einstein's musings had led to a conjecture—and now that conjecture had risen up into the shape of a phantasm which was fully fit to terrify the nations.

To consider this example is to learn caution about conjectures. No human agency could have prophesied the outcome of Einstein's musings. In the same way, no human agency can know now which disciplined conjectures of the present will bear unexpected fruit. The only sensible attitude to take toward such conjectures is to regard them all with wary respect.

The example has other lessons to teach as well. As news of Hiroshima spread, it was widely recognized that human capability had either outstripped human morality or was in imminent danger of doing so. Moreover, a disturbing vision gained force: by multiplying possibilities, science might multiply such dangers. The results of other discoveries and conjectures might loom up out of the mist again and again. Humanity might barely swerve aside from some of these obstacles—and then might come to grief at last by failing to swerve enough. Prediction might always be as inherently impossible as it was for the outcome of Einstein's musings. Simply by doing science, humanity might guarantee that the future would pass completely beyond its ability to control.

Now, half a century further beyond Einstein, some condemn science as evil. Others belittle or condemn Western culture, in which the "other world" first appeared. None of these critics, however, announce that they are about to imitate Thoreau and go to dwell beside some Walden Pond. Instead, they apparently continue to live in the "other world." This near relative of the theory hypocrisy may be regrettable, but at least it shows that some who believe that the genie is out of the bottle are prepared to concede the genie's power. It is ironic that many of their neighbors in our society deny the genie's very existence.

Describing kinds of scientific thought is an abstract exercise, and so is fairly easy. Teaching non-scientists to use the categories given above is far more difficult. Simple habit of thought is one serious obstacle. Another is the fact that belief in "theories" obscures the role of measurement. As a result, science teachers must explain (at least) two unfamiliar ideas instead of one: measurement and its uses, and what "theories" really are.

A third obstacle is belief that the universe must respect one's private sense of proportion. The fact that this is not true does not prevent almost everyone from taking it for granted. As a result, the question "Isn't that just a theory?" is especially likely when a science teacher describes something bizarre or unexpected to a class. A fourth obstacle is summarized by a dictum by Bacon: "Man always believes more readily that which he prefers." When one thinks of the role self-interest plays in political and other arguments, it is hard to deny that Bacon was right. In classrooms where science is taught, the tendency for beliefs to follow wishes is inhibited because students often defer to the authority of professors. Outside the classroom, however, affairs are otherwise. The most common use of the word "theory" may be by people who wish to dismiss a scientific result or concept which they do not like.

Further obstacles appear if one appeals to philosophers of science to help solve these problems. The philosophy of science is a distinct discipline like physics or astronomy, and it is rare (though possible) to find that a given individual is both a scientist and a philosopher of science. This means that philosophers of science come before the public with no guarantee that they have an adequate amount of contact with their subject. James Burke, who produced a PBS series on the history of science some years ago, is a case in point. Burke's mastery of historical detail tended to obscure the fact that he did not understand either the twentieth-century role of Newton's Laws or the relation between theory and the numerical results of experiment. No researcher in physics would have been likely to make either mistake. The

scope of problems like Burke's is underscored by the fact that philosophers of science commonly suffer from the theory hypocrisy. They urge the view that science is completely arbitrary while displaying no awareness of the "other world" all around them, and so portray a picture of themselves which could reinforce the public's worst image of scholars if it were to become generally known. Their default is especially hard to excuse because philosophers of science (unlike the general public) have something of an obligation to read Bacon's writings while they learn their craft. It is hard to imagine them doing so and then failing to take the "other world" seriously.

If philosophers of science are to be of no help (and in fact, they can easily be a nuisance instead), then scientists themselves must educate the public about science. We, however, are not often paragons of virtue in this matter. Some scientists disqualify themselves because they do not want to invest any of the time and effort required. Others do not want to invest enough time and effort, and especially if they do not try to understand the attitudes of the public they address, their efforts may do more harm than good. Still others (and they are quite common) are decisively disqualified because they are no more than technicians of their crafts, with no overarching perspectives on their disciplines and no awareness of any need for such perspectives. Scientists who go to the public to argue for their ideas may easily overstate their cases, and while this is understandable, it may lead to a state in which the public perceives science as crying "wolf" too often. Writers of textbooks can also overstate the cases for certain ideas, and they seem to do so about as often as scientists who have their own axes to grind.

Educating the public about science turns out to be one of those problems for which description is far easier than success. Still, though, there are times when one sees that progress may be possible in a certain, specific area. The theory hypocrisy has the advantage that everyone in our culture is familiar with the evidence needed to expose it. If the hypocrisy were to be generally discredited, this by itself could be an important step toward more sensible public understanding of science and debate about it.

(The Bacon quote given above is from the First Book of his *Novum Organum*. The concept of the "mundus alter" is summarized by Loren Eiseley in his brief Bacon biography called *The Man Who Saw Through Time*. The first examination of Europa is depicted in *Cosmos*, by Carl Sagan. The "Aarau conjecture" is described in 'Subtle is the Lord...': *The Science and the Life of Albert Einstein*, by Abraham Pais. The expedition into Hiroshima by the Japanese physicist Nagano is described in *The Second Creation*, by Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann. Ptolemaic theory and Copernicus's conjecture are described by Thomas Kuhn in *The Copernican Revolution: Planetary Astronomy in the Development of Western Thought*. The impact theory of dinosaur extinction is reviewed by S. van den Bergh in the July 1994 issue of the *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*. The dilemmas posed by the power of science have been feelingly described by Loren Eiseley; see, for example, his book called *The Invisible Pyramid* and his essay called "Strangeness in the Proportion" in *The Man Who Saw Through Time*. James Burke clearly spells out his attitude toward science in his book called *The Day The Universe Changed*.)

CAPITALISM AND FEMINISM: AN ODD MARRIAGE OF -ISMS?

BY JENNIFER DALSTRUP

In my discussion with feminists, I have often found myself fighting for the least accepted alternatives, usually alternatives that would make few, if any, feminists happy. Why? Because I am a libertarian. Libertarians believe that government's role should be to enforce citizens' negative freedoms. As a result, libertarians do not believe in regulating drugs, gambling, trade, commerce, sexual choice, pornography, or prostitution. Libertarians also do not believe taxes should be levied, and so do not believe that programs that require taxes, such as welfare, health care, child care, social security, or housing should be funded by the government. Because of these beliefs, libertarians often find themselves at odds, as I do, with feminists who frequently support such programs.

In this paper, I will defend libertarianism against feminist criticisms. Hopefully, I will be able to show why a feminist does not need to be a Marxist, socialist, or social democrat.

It's ironic that socialism gained most of its momentum from the essays of a white male—Karl Marx—and libertarianism gained much of its momentum from the novels of a woman—Ayn Rand—considering the fact that feminists often appropriate Marx, but seldom (if ever) appropriate Rand. But must feminists also be socialists? Is a feminist required or obligated to support government child care, health care, and affirmative action programs? To me, these are rhetorical questions, but they may not be to everyone. Therefore, I will show that a free market helps women in ways that a mixed or command market cannot.

In 1962, Nobel Prize winner Milton Friedman published a book entitled *Capitalism and Freedom*. In the book he writes, "It is a striking historical fact that the development of capitalism has been accompanied by a major reduction in ... discrimination." He then goes on to explain that nearly every oppressed group—Jews, Blacks, women, Quakers—have gained most of their freedom within capitalism (108). For me, this is not a surprising fact. Capitalism discourages discrimination, and encourages free exchange based only on profit. Profits are hurt when an employer decides to hire only one social group because he has limited his choices. It would be like a consumer deciding only to buy at one store regardless of price or quality. That consumer would soon find himself unable to "keep up with the Joneses." Likewise, employers who limit their choice of employees to one sex soon find that they are selling their products at a higher price and lower quality than their competitors who do not discriminate. As a result, their products do not get bought. Unless the employer's aim is not to make a profit, he will soon be required, out of self-interest, to hire women.

One side effect of profit maximization is economic growth. Economic growth is, like profit maximization, very good for women's freedom. At periods of high growth, firms can take more risks. Thus, employers who might have the prejudice that women are worse employees, or that women create problems in the workplace, might be more willing to hire women because the firms would have less to lose in a period of boom than in a recession. Also, employers who want to initiate private programs similar to affirmative action might be more willing to do so when their profits are high. High profits are best achieved through capitalism.

Another side effect of economic growth is job growth. When firms have high profits, they can invest more money, or charge less for products, which allows consumers to invest more money. Investment creates firms, which increases the number of jobs. The more jobs that are available, the more competition there is among employers for employees. Hence, women will be needed to such a degree that discriminatory employers will be hurt more if they do not hire women.

Now, however, several objections may be raised. First, is this a long run fix, and couldn't something be done to quicken it? It is a long run fix, however there is nothing to quicken it. Any programs initiated at a government level, such as quotas or affirmative action, will reduce profit maximization in two ways. Foremost, governments are unable to predict each individual firm's needs. The individual usually is able to best predict what he needs. As a result, any government programs would lead to inefficiency and lower profits. Lower profits lead to a decrease in the advantages of capitalism for women. Next, government programs require administration. Administration costs money. Government gets its money from taxes. Taxes come from businesses and employees. These wasted administration costs mean less money for investment, price minimization, profit maximization, and wages. Thus, taxes mean less growth and fewer jobs. Taxes also mean limiting all the good effects enumerated above that capitalism has for women.

Another question might ask whether capitalism is inhumane, as exemplified in the industrial revolution. This incorrect characterization of capitalism as inhumane gives me a chance to refute some of the common faulty conceptions about the industrial revolution and its effect on women. To answer this question, we must first look at women's condition prior to the industrial revolution, and then compare it to their condition afterwards. Before the industrial revolution, conditions were terrible. The middle ages had high mortality rates, poor sanitation, few schools, very little food, and high amounts of disease.¹ Wanda Neff, in *Victorian Working Women*, writes that prior to the industrial revolution, women mostly worked with their husbands in cottage industries, such as weaving. In these jobs, women worked as much as their husbands, yet the husbands controlled all the money. When women moved into the textile industries, they began receiving paychecks, gradually gaining more autonomy (52). The textile industries allowed women to buy cheaper clothes instead of making their own by hand. Likewise, many other items that were previously made by hand could be made cheaper and quicker by machines. Thus, women could buy many items without making them, for a lower price than to make them, leaving women more time to work and make money, and more money to increase their standard of living. Capitalism allowed, and continually allows, women their greatest chances at independence.

So, as has been illustrated, women are most benefited economically by capitalism. Yet, there is still a question of "those who fall through the cracks." Without starting a moral debate, there may be an argument for certain obligations under capitalism. For example, should health care be provided for elderly women or single mothers? I would say, "yes." But I would not suggest that the government pay for it. Individuals, communities, businesses, churches—these organizations once paid for all welfare programs. They paid for programs such as health care, education, and food subsidies. The common rebuttal is that, (1) these organizations won't pay for such programs, and (2) these organizations can't pay for such programs. The second argument is ludicrous. Taxes currently pay for the programs, and so these groups already pay for the programs. And considering the fact that large portions of taxes go to administration costs instead of the people who need the money, it seems private organizations could distribute needs more efficiently.

I think, also, that the assertion that organizations would not pay for such programs is naive. Some people point to the fact that private charities pay for very little of the welfare in the United States. But this argument ignores the fact that taxes take nearly forty percent of many people's and business' income. With this extra income, they would be much

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TO HYPHENATE, OR NOT TO HYPHENATE

BY NICK ZUKIN

I'm getting married soon (not unlike everyone else at BYU). I've been reading a lot lately, especially feminist and philosophical literature, and wondering about something that's not usually considered a problem at this university: should my wife take my name, should I take hers, or should we keep our names, or maybe hyphenate them. Having been a strict conservative for the last six years or so, many of my friends would laugh to hear me even question the tradition that would make my wife become Mrs. Nick Zukin. I once thought it was a stupid question, but I'd like to explain why I may have changed my mind.

In *The Speculum of the Other Woman*, Luce Irigaray discusses the formation of the subject. Specifically, she discusses the formation of the female subject—a woman's identity as she perceives herself and as others perceive her qua woman. She proposes the idea that any concept of the subject has always been appropriated by the masculine. That is, she claims that the expectations, the language, the history, and so on of women are truly those of men.

The problem is that women are different from men. Their understandings come from distinct biological, libidinal, and sociological experiences. I cannot, and never will be able to, fully understand what it's like to bear a child. I will never understand what it is like to fall in love as a woman. I will never know what it is like to have sex as, go to school as, shower in P.E. as, or apply for a job as a woman. It's not something I regret or relish. I only acknowledge the fact for what it is: life.

Our experiences shape us. Our culture, the way it views us, and the way we view it, contribute to who we are. This is why I wonder if a woman changing her name

changes who she becomes. Traditionally, it was certainly so.

Why have women changed their names to that of their husbands? It seems clear in our Western tradition that a woman has always, at marriage, become the property of the man. Her identity becomes subsumed into the man's. She becomes Mrs. So and So—that is, "property" of so and so. Irigaray calls this hom(m)ologization. Homologization (as I will use it) means to synthesize into one logos, or way of understanding. In other words, to homologize a woman is to take away her identity and only acknowledge it as part of man. Homologization strips a woman of her subjectivity—of her "self"—making her nothing more than a segment of the greater whole, the man.

Rape does this. Rape is not simply someone being attacked. It is not the same as someone being beaten in a bar brawl. It is not even the same as someone being mugged. Rape violates. Rapists seek to harm women in a way that destroys what is most *them*. Rape is a misogynist tool that strips women of their identities. Humans' identities are closely related to their sexuality. By a man violating a woman's sexual organs, he is violating what is most her. He is violating what makes her who she is as a woman. He is taking away her subjectivity and makes her an object, subsuming her into his subjectivity. By raping, a man is reinstating male domination and homologization.

This is what I'm afraid I will be doing by insisting that my wife take my name, which is why I won't insist. I do not know what I prefer, yet. My wife may decide to take my name. She may want to keep her name or connect it to

mine. That's fine. Some couples I know decided to both connect the other's name to theirs, being "one flesh" in name, but not privileging the man over the woman.

I think all the alternatives have their merit. The tradition surely holds some (possibly subtle) hazards. Women have a history of being considered a lesser form of man. They've been the weaker, less rational man, burdened by having children. They have never been considered worthy of keeping their own name. They've gone from father's name to husband's name, never more than daughter "of," or wife "of."

We may be able to learn a lesson from Euripedes' play, *The Bacchae*. In it, Dionysus is born a god, but the people where he is born refuse to acknowledge his divinity. As a result, Dionysus proves his worthiness, using his power to destroy the townspeople (having the women of the town tear apart the flesh of the men). Dionysus' identity was ignored, and it resulted in violence. For me, this adequately parallels a history that has resulted in militant, lesbian feminism—a feminism based largely on a hatred of men. *The Bacchae* may also be a metaphorical explanation of why women are often reluctant to marry, and frequently consider marriage an end to their freedom (and identity).

I do not feel women are somehow a lesser part of man, and I don't want to continue the essence of rape, which takes away a woman's subjectivity. Women need to form their own identities and not just become part of their husbands. I believe that disrupting the tradition that makes a woman take her husband's name would help disrupt the tradition that says a woman is property and her last name a brand.

THE FATHER, UNBLINKING

BY BRIAN EVENSON

He had found that day his daughter dead for what must have been the fever, her swollen eyes stretching her lids open. The day had been a bright day, without clouds. He had found his daughter face down in the sun-thick mosquito-spattered mud, by the back corner, where the dark paint had started taking air underneath and was flaking off the house now and falling apart at a touch like burnt turkey skin. He squatted over her and turned her up, and she came free with a sucking, the air coming out of her in a sigh blowing bubbles of mud on her lips, out her nose. He smeared away the mud from around her mouth. He worked at bending the body straight, until the muck on her face dried ashy, and cracked.

He slapped mosquitos dead on her. He picked her up, folded her best he could, and carried her across the yard. He ducked under the window, hurried past the worn back stoop with the door at the top of it. He kicked hens and chicks out of the way, booting loose turbid clouds of pinfeathers. Hooking the barn door with his boot, he hop-skipped back until it was open wide enough to let his foot free and for him to shoulder he and his girl in. It was quiet inside, and dark except for the shafts of light from the roof traps, four long pillars of bright dust descending to the scatterings of hay below.

He went to the far wall and ran his eyes over the hooks and what was there: shears, axe, hatchet, hacksaw, handsaw, hand-rake, horse-rake, pitchfork, hoe. He stood staring, running his eyes over them again from the beginning. He looked over each shoulder in turn, and turned in a slow circle in the half-dark of the barn, and walked jagged around the barn, kicking apart the damp clumps of hay that coated his boots in a yellow mold.

Moving hay in loads across the uneven dirt with his boots, he dragged some together in a pile at the far wall and put her atop the pile. He brushed the dirt off the dress, pulled the socks up past the calves again, loosened the buckles of the blunt-ended shoes, he scooped an armload of hay and dumped it on top of her.

He scraped the soles of his boots on the edge of the stoop. He stamped a few times, pulled the screen open, went in.

She was cutting venison into thin strips. "Your shoes good?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Boots," he said.

"Better be," she said, and turned in a squint toward him, red hands and all.

He held onto the end of the counter and lifted first one foot, then the other.

"Pass," she said, and went back to cutting.

"Seen my spade?" he said. "The long-handled job?"

"What for?" she said. "What do I want with it?" she said.

"You seen it or not?" he said.

"You lent it out to Quade," she said. "Your mind's a blunt one today."

"I reckon it is not," he said. "Quade, is it?"

"Heard me or did you?" she said.

He saw her shoulder blades shiver beneath the dress with each blow. He did not say a thing.

"You seen your little lullaby?" she said, as he pushed the screen.

He stopped.

"I haent see her," he said.

"You tell her get her butt in here, you see her," she said.

"I haent see her," he said. He pushed out onto the stoop, letting the screen clap to.

"You know where I'm off," he said, loud.

"I know where," she called.

He went into the barn, to the far wall, and took down the hoe. Uncovering the girl's face, he looked at her, then covered it quickly over again. He went out with the hoe in his hands. Drawing the doors shut, he jammed the handle of the hoe through where the rings lined up. Grunting, he shook the doors, pulled on their handles.

He set off down the path, walking on the mounded sides instead of down in the ruts. The day was a bright day. Without clouds. The mud in the low spots was drying up, going white and hard. He walked the sunlit half-mile down slope to Quade's fence. There were ants aswarm, darkening the knotty rails. Jumping up, he grabbed the old oak limb. He swung a time or two and then heelsmashed the gate, shaking off hordes of ants, leaving the gate ashiver. He took a few more swings to make his body really go, and then



flung himself over to the other side.

"Hey, Quade," he said, from the door.

Quade looked up from the box he was nailing, his half-gaunt face red and stringy, lumpy as the flesh of an old rabbit slaughtered too late.

"Bet I know what you are after," said Quade.

"Bet you do," the man said.

Quade spat nails into the box, dropped his hammer on the dirt. He rubbed the sweat off his neck, undid his bags to let them slide off his waist down to the floor. He went to a corner which sprouted handles. Messing about for a bit, he pulled forth an ax from the angry snarl.

"That mine?" said the man.

"Isn't it?" said Quade.

"Hell," said the man, spitting. "I come for the spade."

Quade squinted, looked at the ax. "Well, whose the hell is this?" he said.

The man shrugged.

Quade went back to the snarl, fished around, poked his way through it, drew out tool after tool, leaning them in a row. His hands hanging loose, he stood staring at the row of handle stacked stiff against the mold-blistered wall.

"Well, I'll be damned if I know what it got to," he said.

"Got to have it today," said the man.

"What you need it for?" said Quade.

"Digging," said the man.

"Digging what?" said Quade.

"Just digging," said the man.

Quade shook his head and went out. The man scavenged loose a quarter sheet of plywood from where it was underfoot, threw it on top of the box, and eased his full weight down onto it. The wood had been ripped ragged by a dull blade, leaving one end furry. Bending down, he picked up the hammer, hefted it, let it fall onto the dirt. He stared at his big, empty hands. On the inside of one of his thumbs was a shiny grey smear.

Quade came back in, shovel in hand. He stopped moving at the sight of the man.

"Can't say it is good luck to be sitting on that," said Quade, "even with the plywood between."

"It don't matter, Quade," said the man. "It really don't."

Quade shrugged. The man took his time to stand up and to reach for the shovel.

"How's the wife?" said Quade.

"Good," said the man, taking.

"The girl," said Quade.

"Sick," said the man.

"You take care of those two," said Quade.

"You got it," said the man, walking out the door.

Opening the latch with his shovel blade, he let the ant-ridden gate swing his way. He went through, on the other side turning the shovel scoop-down and reaching back over the gate with it, dragging it back, pulling the gate closed. He smashed a couple hundred ants, listening to the shovel ring dull on the scrubby bark-flaked pine. He swung the shovel up over his shoulder and made his way, through the heat, home.

From the path he heard his wife calling out. He rounded the bend to see the house in front of him, the woman standing in front of it, hands cupped around her face.

"You seen her?" she called, this time to him.

"I haent seen," he said.

"Where in hell?" she said.

He shrugged.

"What of that hoe there?" she said, pointing.

"I put it there," he said.

"What about it?" she said.

He shrugged. He walked over to the barn doors and pulled the hoe handle out of the rings, leaving a long streak of rust on it. He stepped inside and pulled the door shut. Hanging the hoe back where it went, he paced out the floor and started to dig, heaping the dirt against the wall. He pulled out shovelfuls, feeling the pressure in his back deepen the farther down he had to go.

Banging the shovel clean on the side of the hole he hung it back in its proper place. He sprinkled the bottom of the hole with hay, dropping in handfuls. He dug through the hay, pulled out the body, jaundiced now with grain dust. He kneeled, lowered it in, dragged

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BEFORE PASSING AWAY: SHORT FICTION

BY STEPHANIE O'BRIEN



Emma didn't understand why she was feeling peace now. There were scars, of course. She knew she would never laugh out loud as she used to, or be able to erase the sadness from her eyes. But now, this evening, she felt a still peace. She took a deep breath and watched shadows move up the mountains as a gentle smile spread over her face.

Thank you, God.

She let out her breath and turned to the house.

The long workday out in the hot harvest sun had exhausted the boys. After washing up, downing the creamed potatoes and peas, and gulping heartily the fresh milk, they had turned in to bed. Her husband, James, was the only one up now. The house was still. She heard the soft tick-tocking clock and the creaking of James in the rocking chair. As she pulled the door behind her, he looked up from his book and over his shoulder at her.

"The sunset was beautiful," she said, and she meant it, everything—the slow creek, the wind rolling over grain, the brush down by the river bottom, the quaking aspens shaking leaves like gold coins in the last seconds of the sun. She took James's offered hand and hefted him out of the chair.

"I want to go make sure the boys are sleeping okay," she said.

"Fine, fine. I'll just go get settled and see you in a minute." He patted her back and moved off into the bedroom.

Everything is just right tonight, Emma thought.

The boys were breathing slow and heavy as the light from the open door slid into the room. Emma kissed her boys, both of them, something she hadn't done since they had outgrown her. As she slipped out the door Byron rolled over in his bed.

"Night, Ma."

"Night." She closed the door with a soft wooden thump. Emma turned off the reading lamp and passed through the kitchen on the way to her bedroom. Out the window she saw the moon, close to full, coming up large over the mountains. She thought how she loved the mountains, the valley, the harvest season, the winter days she had to look forward to with her husband and her sons. Soon the valley

would be blanketed by piles of heavy, feathery snow, bringing a covered peace Emma loved. The days would be short and crisp and the nights long and peaceful. Plenty of food was stored up and wood stacked. A few more good harvest days and winter would be welcome.

Once she had gotten into her nightgown, Emma knelt down by the bed, the room lit blue by the moonlight, James breathing deep as he fell to sleep.

Thank you, God, for this calm day and a calm heart. Thanks for safety and watching over my boys. Bless them. They are good boys to me, and bless James for all his goodness too. Amen.

She leaned back with her eyes alert. When she got in bed she didn't feel so tired so she lay on her back watching the moon move up and finally out of the frame of her window. She took out her thoughts and began to sort through them, her mind thinking back on what she used to be. A shy thing. Never too interested in boys, and boys never too interested in her, either. James had always been a good friend to her, but just a friend, she had always said.

She looked at him now, sleeping contentedly as a good man should. She set her hand on his back and felt it rise and fall with his breaths.

How different it all would have been if she had married James first!

She thought of the other man, coming along so cool and quick when she was just so young—too young to discern between the flattery of his interest and if she really loved him. She saw again how smooth he had seemed with his wet black hair and tidy mustache.

They had married so quick, so they could get to Canada before winter. The move was long, silent. He sat so serious on the buckboard that Emma didn't dare disturb him. He was worried, always worried about what was coming—money, a job, a place to live.

When they finally got settled, she was shaken by it all, not knowing where everything was or how to get from here to there, feeling surrounded by strangers, most painfully her husband. Soon there was going to be a baby. Emma hoped this could be a child of hope, helping to bring her and her husband together.

There was trouble with money. He went to get a loan.

Emma remembered herself scrubbing the floor. She had wanted him to look at her, to look her in the eye. But he had just picked up his hat and tightened his scarf.

"I'm gonna go see 'bout a loan," he said staring at the door.

Emma sat back; he opened the door and stepped out into the winter afternoon. Emma leaned over her great round belly and kept scrubbing at the floor. This was not what she had expected. No joy over the upcoming baby, no laughter in the house. He was all worry, worry, worry over money. Perhaps it would just take time. Maybe in a few weeks or months things would be better.

But he didn't give it another week.

Emma was still scrubbing when they came to the door. He had been on the bridge, the dark blood black in the snow coming from his wrists. Sometimes, they had said, it's just too much when a man can't find no way to feed his own family.

They had helped her to her bed, her knees buckling and giving out. They said she had fevered, her body shaking then sweating. She remembered the pain of labor, but nothing else.

She woke later, maybe days later. She yearned for her baby and rolled over to see in the basket. A fragile little girl lay wheezing there. They laid the baby by Emma, the spark of her last hopes. Emma could see the baby was hurting and knew she'd go soon. With a kiss of weeping and loneliness, Emma said good-bye and turned away, wishing there was some way her own body would be allowed to rest.

But her time to sleep was not yet. Eventually she roused, stumbling around for what seemed years. Her family came and took her home. Remembrances of that strange life were put away.

Emma didn't know why she chose tonight to recall these thoughts. But somehow she could handle them. Finally the words she had been waiting to say cracked out as a whisper: "What for?"

She waited.

Her breath held, then let out slowly. She heard James breathing, and outside the wind shook lightly through the trees and against the house, over the rolling creek, and across the valley floor. The moon hung silently overhead, and finally Emma slept.

CONTINUED...

FATHER

with the shovel blade the dirt back in over it, stamped the grave down, kicked the rest of the dirt around the barn until it was no longer visible.

He put the shovel away. He left the barn.

The woman was standing on the stoop, looking out in the low, clear sun.

"What you been doing?" she said.

"Nothing," he said.

"Thinking?" she said.

He drew time out long, to figure her. "Thinking," he said.

"About what?" she said.

"About nothing," he said.

"You know what I been thinking about?" she said.

"I can guess," he said.

"You think we give the sheriff a call?" she said.

"No," he said.

"You seen her?" she said.

"No," he said.

"You going to look for her?" she said.

He did not answer. He looked at what the sun was doing through the aspens. He looked at the way the stoop had grown worn underfoot, and at the difference in how the sun shone off the rough spots.

"Will you look for her?" she said.

"I will not," he said.

"Look at me to tell me," she said.

He turned to face her, turned all the way around, feeling his boots drag hard over the worn patches until he was facing straight at her. He opened his eyes all the way open and stared her in both her eyes. He looked at her in the eyes and looked at her, and looked at her, without blinking, until it was she who blinked and turned away.

POETRY

BY BRYCE KNUDSEN

birdhopping
19 June 1994

bird hopping in water
waves rounding in wrinkling
water tumbling into
eyes wide open
calling on Lord
with birds singing
in trees
bobbing and wheeling
running then slowing
PLUCK
and
STeP
looking pensive all around
water shallow, water deep
brightness breaking through
the brink and edges
on clouds;
light through the process
of sight seeping in
the pigments of my eyes.

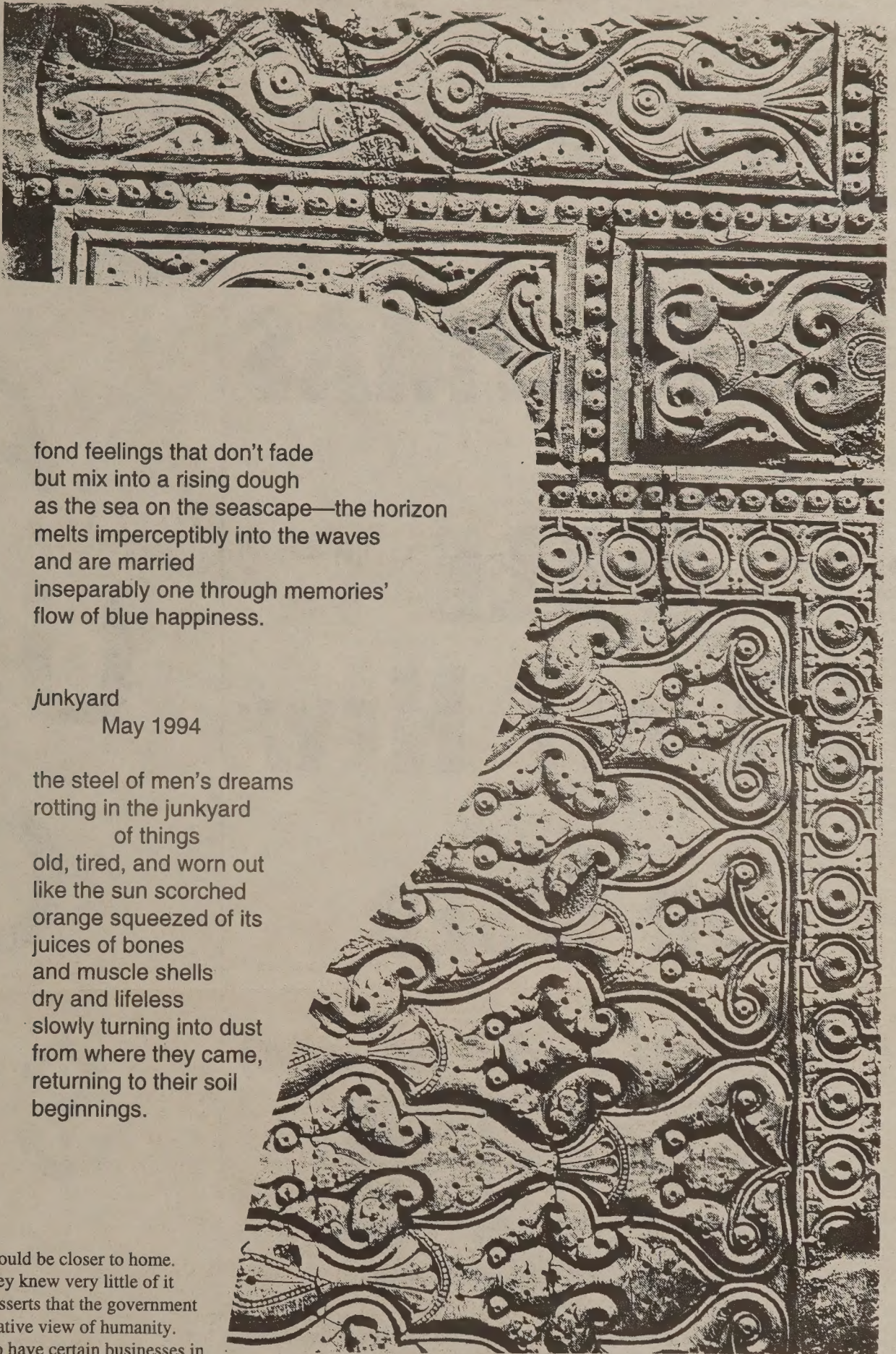
blue happiness
summer 1994
the strand of your strands
twisted in each other's hair
you run your fingers in circles
spirals rings as you weave a nest
of robin's eggs
twig upon twig
blade upon blade
memories take shape
infused into a creation
that sustains life
coalesced with happy blue contentment

CONTINUED... CAPITALISM

more likely to give to charities, especially when the charities would be closer to home. Also, private groups might be more willing to give money if they knew very little of it was going to bureaucrats' pocketbooks. This argument which asserts that the government must provide because the people won't presupposes a very negative view of humanity. Also, a very odd view of politics. Why could people not rally to have certain businesses in their communities provide such programs, instead of rallying to have their congressmen do so? Businesses are often very open to change. Take, for instance, McDonald's. With very little pressure, they stopped using Styrofoam and started using recycled paper and cardboard. Because of the public approval, all their competitors now do the same. There seems to be faulty reasoning when people say that issues are important enough to cause politicians to act, but not businesses. Businesses rely on citizen approval as much as politicians. Likewise, who are the people who encourage government to pay for such programs? Aren't they the people who have their taxes taken from them? Why is there always a concern that the people who could give money wouldn't? Aren't the most active people in politics also the people who are highest on the socio-economic ladder? I say give the people back their money and responsibility. The citizenry obviously believes in welfare programs, so why wouldn't they provide them privately if there were no public ones, especially if they had more disposable income—as they would—under capitalism?

The idea that women are helped in a mixed or socialist economy ignores the benefits of a free economy. It also ignores the fact that the majority of wealthy people already support welfare programs, and that their opinion is not likely to diminish due to the government ending its support of such programs. Since capitalism has the most potential for helping women because it encourages the most growth allowing for more money to be given, capitalism should be reinstated. People should be allowed to use their money how they please, which as I have shown, would be in a similar, but more efficient, way than the government already does.

Notes:
1 "The effects of the industrial revolution on women and children," by Robert Hessen in *Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal*, by Ayn Rand: page 114



fond feelings that don't fade
but mix into a rising dough
as the sea on the seascape—the horizon
melts imperceptibly into the waves
and are married
inseparably one through memories'
flow of blue happiness.

junkyard
May 1994

the steel of men's dreams
rotting in the junkyard
of things
old, tired, and worn out
like the sun scorched
orange squeezed of its
juices of bones
and muscle shells
dry and lifeless
slowly turning into dust
from where they came,
returning to their soil
beginnings.



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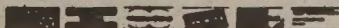
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